#### WILDCAT HUNTING.

Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. Once in Mendocino county, Cal. I was enjoying a few days' quail shooting at a farmhouse where was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a built terrier, and the combination of in-herited qualities made this dog peculiar. If herited qualities made this dog psculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter in-stin t prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the faithful bull terrier quality would tend to come out in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned



SAPE WAY TO CARRY A GUN. One evening I was returning from a hu with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that not a quail had remained in the county. Suddenly he plunged forward; there county. Suddenly he plunged forward; there was a quick rush and a scrabble, and I beheld a huge wildent poised on the limb of a small tree just out of the dog's reach. Emotion swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzy ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted most of the shot from one barrel and sprinkled the cat in the region of the jumpers. He came out of the tree and came suddenly, and most misute there was a which and of next minute there was a whirlwind of fur and agony under that tree, and mingled counds informed me that both the cat and the dog had ascertained that something was wrong. There was a combination of clawing and working within and an accombination of clawing and yowling, spitting and snapping, re-volving and rough and tumble excitement which lasted about a minute, and then a peaceful bush succeeded, during which the sephyrs blew away the cloud of dust and lying serenely at peace with the trivial re-mains of the cat, and both so mixed as to be

The trouble with that dog was that his pedigree was contradictory. His setter in-stinct prompted him to let go the cat and run, and his bull terrier instinct prompted him to hold on, lie down and chew, and before he could make up his mind whether he ought to obey his father or his mother be

There is nothing so necessary to a sports-man as a thoroughbred, well broken dog. Always purchase a pedigree with the dog. A full blooded dog with a reliable pedigree costs about \$150, which allows \$149.50 for the edigree and fifty cents for the dog. The best dog for hunting purposes in this

Some pointers are very expensive. I heard the other day that Cyrus Field once got a pointer from Jay Gould which cost him 8750,000.—Henry Guy Carleton in New York

Plantation Philosophy.

It's nachul dat de higher we gits in dis life to mo' trouble we has. De taller de tree grows de mo' its shuck by de win'.

De bigges' an' bealthies' chile mighty often doan' grow up ter ermount ter nothin'. De bigges' an' mos' promisin' wheat sometimes

I has knowed many er thief dat could dis-count er hones' man in puttin' up er straight tale. I aint neber yet seed er baby dat could

ery any mo' pityful den er painter ken.
"I hope I has 'ligion, but I doan' know," I
hab hearn folks say; but I neber hearn er
man say, "I hopes I has money, but I doan' know." Dat sorter ligion dat yer hopes yer's got, but doan' know, nin't gwine ter do yer no mo' good den der money what yer hopes yer's got, but doan' know.

Ef I wuz axed ter put er estermate on how

d fust try to fine out how much be thinks o' his mother. Er man may be good ter his wife an' kine ter his chillun, but ef he ain't good to de ole 'oman dat give min party de life an' fust larned him ter walk toward do success what he hab reached, he ain't de right d to de ole 'oman dat give him part o' her mon. - Arkansaw Traveler

A Foreigner's Mistake. ed Foreigner-Yes, I have travsled a great deal in this country and I cannot help wondering why your government does not eatch these train robbers and lock

-Have you met train robbers! "Plenty of them; they're everywhere, it ems to me, but I must say they are very

polite for highwaymen. 'Very; and I notice, too, that they are all

"Oh, those are not train robbers; those are porters."—Omaha World.

A Cook's Blunder.

Omaha Dame—Jane, our guest, Mr. De Hunter, complains that you chopped up his decoy ducks for kindling. -It wasn't for kindling, mum. I thought they was a pair of chickens your husband sent home, an' I was tryin' to cut

"Of all things! Where was it you said you orked before you came here?"
"At Mrs. De Style's boarding house, mum."

Refreshing Her Memory

'I am so glad you came in, Mr. Wabash.' mid Miss Breezy, brightly; "mamma and I were trying to recall a certain poet's name. Perhaps you can kindly come to our assist

"Scott!" suggested Mr. Wabash. "No, not Scott; it begins with 'W."
"Whitman, possibly; Walter Whitman,"
"Oh, yes, that is it, Walter Whitman. Thanks, awfully."-The Epoch.

THE "SCARE CAT" DEVICE.

A New Invention That Must Meet with

General Approval. Mr. Bart Kane, of Brooklyn, E. D., president of the Scare Cat club, has the thanks of this office for a copy of his new invention called the "Scare Cat." Thinking that a little akat descriptive of the device would not be porter paid more than usual attention to him, devoid of interest to the public I have, in

company with the author, examined and criticised it and must heartily indorse it. The machine or appliance consists of a de collete black walnut box, around which an lastic gum band is lightly attached. Ins the low neck box a small bait is arranged in such a way as to catch the eye of the common, midnight, predatory Tom ent. He exlow, passionate wail, smells the bait ats for it. When he takes his head out of the low neck lunch counter a common elastic band goes with him at a rapid rate across the state of New York.

pearance and apoplectic bulging eye is found dead in the corner of a fence in St.

Lawrence county. Thus does the "scare of the dollar," said Gardner, and from that day to this he has been hunting the auburn haired romancer of the Pamets" may much in the outley of bootstern. cat" mye much in the outlay of bootjacks in pax.-Washington Critic.

coroner in St. Lawrence county. The attractive features of the "scare cat" when the president of the Scare Cat club of Brooklyn opened out on the corner of the City Hall park, near the postoffice, not long ago, the crowd overwhelmed Mr. Kane, and a policeman had to prohibit the sale of this great boon on the streets of our town.

gation of silver throated songsters of Staten Island, who have been in the habit of coming singing, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer, that it is a good thing. Nine baritone cats with purple faces and bulging eyes tried to catch the 12 o'clock boat for New York, and died before they could get their tickets

I sleep well now and miss that seal brown taste in the mouth which I formerly noticed on getting up. Life seems to wear a more reseate hue, and I say frankly to Mr. Kane that he is my benefactor. The common elastic band soid at stationery stores is all the outlay required each night, and it will make on tortoise shell cat hang his tongue out so far that any physician can readily as-certain what is the matter with him.

The "scare cat" has a wonderful career shead of it, and I have no doubt that in the near future it will be so far perfected that by putting a nickel in one corner it will catch a contralto cat, pull his tongue out nine inc play a tune and bury the cat.—New York

The Prodigal Son. Prodical Son-Father, I have spent my

Practical Father-What did you spend all

"Amateur photography.

"Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idiot asylum. My son will dine there morrow."-Omaha World



No Fears for a Coal Famine ent and that western families will have to burn corncobs this winter. This is not overly encouraging to drought stricken Kansas, Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, where there is brasks, where the cobs are used for baseball bats, we contemplate the famine with a re-markable degree of composure. As long as the festive cornoob maintains its present mammoth proportions coal diggers may strike and coal dealers may pool, the Ne-braska hearth will still be warm and cozy. Eastern strikers may put this in their col pipes and smake it. - North Bend (Neb.) Flail.

Couldn't Aim.

A Boston young man was taken out by some Fort Worth gunners to kill ducks at Hurst's lake. As a large flock of canvas backs floated right by him, and he didn't shoot, one of the Fort Worthites got excited and yelled: "Why in thunder didn't you shoot?"

"Why," answered the Bos time I got my gun leveled at one, four or five other blamed green headed fools would swim right in between so I never could get a good aim at one.' The party went home.-Texas Colonel.

Mistake of Identity. Omaha Man-Do you intend to lecture in Imaha?

Eastern Stranger-Lecture? "Yes, you lecture, don't you, or perhaps

"Do you think, doctor, we will have the I do not say that Shakespeare was the au-holera here in New York this winter!" Bor of his own works, and it would not look cholera here in New York this winter!" | there of his own works, and it would not look asked an inquisitive man of a New York | well in me to set up my opinion in opposition

our present exemption from cholera con-tinues for six months we will not have any cholera this year."—Texas Siftings.

First Art Critic (at an exhibition)-Great

Second Art Critic-I should say so.

"How under the sun are we to get up our "I don't know. There is no way to dis-"None at all. There isn't a single price mark in the whole catalogue."—Omaha World.

THE CHILDREN.

'What kind of boys go to heaven?' asked the Sunday school superintendent. "Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the in fant class.—Jordan Times.

Mary was sent away from the dinner table because she misbehaved, and told to go up-stairs and tell nurse to put her to bed. The family coming in from dinner a half hour later found her threading her way among the parlor chairs and tables in most complicated figures. "Mary!" exclaimed her mother, "didn't I tell you to go upstairs?" Mary looked up placidly. "Yes, 'm. I'm going; I'm on my way now."—Harper's Bazar. "Now, Alice, aren't you ashamed?" "Yes." "Well, what are you ashamed off" "I'm ashamed of my pa;"—Life,

Little Warren's grandmother has a fine collection of autographs, and is constantly adding to it. During house cleaning last opring she had a large, buxom negress to assist, and to do the scrubbing. She expressed berself as satisfied at the admirable manner in which Vinie had done her work. It pleased Warren greatly to hear the woman spoken of, as she had been specially kind to him. When grandma had expressed herself fully Warren spoke up quickly, and said, in a most enthusiastic voice: "Let's get her autograph, grandma!"-Harper's Magazine

He Looks Like Ochiltree.

A friend of Lawrence Gardner tells this joke on him: Some months ago Mr. Gardner was traveling in a Pullman car going from New York to Saratoga. He noticed that the but thought nothing of it. At last, after

ich hesitation, the porter said "Howdy, Col. Ochiltree! I haven't seen ou on this road for some time."
"No; I've been very busy in New York,"

replied Gardner The porter then went into another car and Gardner and his friend adjourned to the snoker. Presently the porter came in, and, going up to Gardner, said: "You remember, colonel, the last time I

"Yes. "Well, you promised me a dollar, and you never gave it to me."

"Witness My Hand." In the early days only a few scholars are so apparent to the casual observer that when the president of the Scare Cat club of Brooklyn opened out on the corner of the ing it upon the paper, at the same time saying, "Witness my hand." Afterward the real was introduced as a substitute for reat boon on the streets of our town.

I can truly my that after successfully using the instruction used in modern documents.—Chicaco BIL'. NYE TAKES A HAND.

stles with the Shake



way impair the nelly's book. I desire to offer here a few words in favor of the theory that own works and thought his own thinks. The time

has fully arrived when we humorists ought to stand by each other. William Shakespeare knew all the time that he was a great man and that some day he would write pieces to speak. He left Stratford at the age of 21 and went to London, where he attracted very little attention, for he belonged to the yeomanry, being a kind of dramatic Horace Greeley, both in the matter of clothes and penmanship. Thus it would seem that while Sir Francis Bacon was attending a business college and getting himself familiar with the whole arm move ment, so as to be able to write a free, cryptogamous hand, poor W. Shakespeare was slowly thinking the hair off his head, while ever and anon be would bring out his writmaterials and his bright, ready tongue and write a sonnet on an empty stomach. care did not want his plays published. He wanted to keep them out of the

press in order to prevent their use at spelling in the hands of unskilled artists and so there was a long period of time during which the papers could not get hold of then During this time Francis Bacon was in public life. He and Shakespeare had nothing in common. Both were great men, but Ba n's sphere was different from Shakespeare's

While Bacon was in the senate, living high and courting investigation, Shakespeare had to stuff three large pillows into his pantaloons and play Falstaff at one night stands. Is it likely that Bacon, breathing the per-fumed air of the Capitol and chucking the treasury girls under the chin ever and anon ingered for the false joys of the underpaid and underscored dramatist? Scarcely!

That is one reason why I prefer to take the

side of Shakespeare rather than the side of

criticised by the press for leaving his family at Stratford while he himself lived in London, only visiting home occasionally, but I am convinced that he found they could live cheaper in that way. Help in the house was very high at that time in London, and the intelligence offices were doing a very large busi ness without giving very much intelligence Friends of his told him that it was not only impossible to get enough help in London, but that there was hardly enough servants to pre Several offices were in fact compelled to shut

down for a half day at a time,



limited stock in the forenoon and the other

SHAKESPEARE REACHES LONDON. Shakespeare was a perfect gentleman, hav-ing been made so by the Herald's college, which invested his father with coat armor. This coat armor made a gentleman of the slder Shakespeare, and as William's mother was already a gentleman under the code. "I am not a lecturer or an author, am a manufacturer of car stoves."

"Oh: I beg your pardon. My friend Blinks must have made a mistake. He told but I refer to it to show that those who have read things in Shakespeare's works that they lid not like, and who therefore say that he resulteman, do the great bard an in-

health officer.
"I have studied the matter closely," replied the official with great deliberation, "and it I would never take advantage of any one; is my opinion, from all I can gather, that if but I say that somewhere the impression has seen into the papers that he was a pretty crept into the papers that he was a pretty good little play writer, and I am glad that Mr. Childs has had a testimonial made and ent over to England that will show an ap-

fore the people.

It will be noticed by an alert and keen scented litterateur that I have carefully avoided treading on the tail of Mr. Don avoiced treating on the tail of Mr. Don-selly's cipher. Being rather a poor mathe-matician anyway, I will not introduce the sipher at this time, but I will say that al-though the whole thing happened about three hundred years ago, and has now nearly passed out of my mind, to the best of my recollection Shakespeare, though he was the on of a buckwheater, and though he married his wife with a poetic license, and though he left his family at Stratford rather than take them to live in a London flat, wrote the most of his plays with the assistance of an expurgator who was out of the city most all of the time.

I cannot show Shakespeare's ready wit better at this time than by telling of his first sppearance on the stage as I remember it. He came quietly before the footlights with a roll of carpet under one arm and a tack nammer under the other. In those days it was customary to nail down stage carpets, and while doing so "Shake," as we all called him then, knocked the nail off his left thumb, whereupon he received an ovation from the audience. Some men would have been rattled and would have "called up," as we say, but Shakespeare was always ready to please his friends or respond to an encore, so putting his right thumb up against a large painted rock in a mountain scone, he obliged by knocking off the other thumb nail.

Shakespeare was one of the few Englishmen who never visited this country for two weeks for the purpose of writing an eight pound book on his impressions of America.— Bill Nye in New York World.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"Will Moses Jumbo Comeback please step this way? asked the president, as the meet-Brother Comeback, who has been a very

quiet but deeply interested member of the club for the past few years, advanced to the desk, and Brother Gardner continued: "Moses, I l'arn dat you am on de pint of removin' to Illinoy." "Yes, sah.

"You will take your certificate long wid you, an' you will keep your membership wid is jist the same; an' any time you kin raise money 'nuff to take a freight train an' cum up an' see us you will find a hostile welcome.' Yes, sah-Ize much obleeged, sah," re-ter man niver were one than Pat Donegan. plied Moses, as he wiped a tear from his eye. "An' now I want to say a few furder words to you," resumed the president, after a solemn "You am gwine to cut loose an sail in de company of strangers, an' dar' am a few things you would do well to remember. "Remember, dat a lawyer will work harder to c'lar a murderer dan he will to convict a

"Remember, dat a naybur who offers you de loan of his hoe am fishin' 'round to secure de loan of your wheelbarrer.
"Remember, dat you can't judge of de

home happiness of a man an' wife by seein'
'em at a Sunday skule picnic.

"Remember, dat while de aiverage man
will return de k'rect change in a business transackshun, he'll water his milk an' mix beans wid his coffee ber, dat all de negatives of de best

ago," explained George.-New York Sun.

an' freckles worked out. Remember, dat society am made up of

good clothes, hungry stomachs, deception, heartaches and mixed grammar. "Remember, dat people will neber stop to queshun de truf of any rumor or any scaaffectin' your character, but it takes years to satisfy'em dat your great grandfadder wasn't a pirate an' your great grandmudder de leadin'gal in a fifteen cent ballet. You can now digest, an' de rest of us will purceed to carry

"In disparsin' to your varus homes," said speare wrote his the president as the triangle sounded its notes of warning, "remember dat civility am de grease which keeps de wheels of society from stickin' fast to the axletrees. An oblegin' dis-position may keep your washtub an' flatirons floatin' aroun' de navborhood 'leben months chicken broth an' kind words in case you have a rue of bilious fever. Somebody wake up Elder Toots an' let us go keerfully down tairs."-Detroit Free Press.

Unprejudiced Gen. Houston. When Gen. Sam Houston was governor of lexas he was very active and persistent in causing the prosecution of a officer—so much so indeed that the friends of the accused raised the cry of persecution, The governor, speaking of this to a company of gentlemen, hooted the idea that he was prejudiced against the defaulter, declared that he had no other motive than the enforcement of the laws, and said that he should probably have the opportunity of convincing the public that he had no feeling of personal animosity against the man. "The evidence against him will be so overwhelming that any grand jury will find a true-bill of indictment," said the general, "and no petit jury in the world can fail to convict the criminal on such evidence. Then, when found guilty and sentenced, he will change his tune, and he and his sympathizing friends for him will appeal to me for executive elemency. will be my time to show that I have no prejudice. I shall pardon him, for I will never allow such an unmitigated scoundrel to contaminate the penitentiary of Texas."-Harper's Magazine.

History a la Ignatius Donelly. Will Shakespeare-Please, sir, the man h'of the Globe theatre wants his new play. Lord Bacon-How soon!

"H'at once, sir, for to-night." "To-night f Great St. George! how does he expect me to finish my Organum, write my public speech, get ready for that trial and "H'I don't know, sir, but he wants the

title right away so he can put it on the bills."
"Well, I'll do it. Let—me—see. Tell him
the title will be 'Hamlet.'"—Omaha World. Understood His Business. Omaha Traveling Man (in Chicago)-I un-

Hotel Clerk-Yes, that's so. dresses of such families? "Go to the Highfly Caterer's emporium. Do you wish to engage a cook!" "Oh, no; I am agent for Killercure's dyspepsia medicine"—Omaha World.

lerstand a good many Chicago families em-

"Willie," said a young wife, "are you going to take part in this tennis tournament?" 'Yes, I thought of it.' e don't, Willie, for my sake." "Whyf"

"Because you might win and it would surely get into the papers."—Washington Citizen (to member of board of trade)-

he meeting last night! Member-Yes.

Member—We perfected arrangements for the annual dinner of the board.—The Epoch. Very Much Worn. Gentleman (in clothing store)-I find that

have got to go to Montreal to-night, and I want a suit of clothes. Clerk—Yes, sir. You want a cutaway cont, I s'pose.—New York Sun.



don't you whip her?

Eichange. HE WORE A BUSTLE.

While Carrying Coal. Some Norwich boys found a woman's bustle last week, and, being inspired by some lower power, put it in a coal carrier's basket in place of the canvas shoulder pad he had been customed to use. When the coal carrier went out the next morning with his first load of coal his eye fell upon the strange thing for which he had no name. "Phat is this, Moikef" he said to the driver;

and although both of them were family men they were sorely puzzled. Mike replied:

Not finding his shoulder protector, the coal carrier saw in it a novel substitute for it, and

"Begorra, Molke, I have it! This is a patent shoulder piece the boss has got me!" and he put the old bustle on his shoulder, and finding that it was a fair fit, tied the string around his neck. He worked with the new shoulder protector all day to the amuse ment of all who recognized the bustle in such high use. Pat noticed that the new protector made him a source of considerable curiosity, but he did not learn the truth until he showed it to the boss in the evening when, thanking him for the gift, he said

"The inventor of this meant well, but b never carried coal. These wire cords are that narrer that they cut like a knife; but, be-gorrra, the thort is a good one, and I can inke one ov it that'll worruk!" His employer informed him that he had

been subjected to a practical joke; that his shoulder protector was a bustle that had seen its day and been laid away. Mike, the driver, smiled, and said: "It's never seen a greater day than this. Twenty tons ov coal have been onto it. I'll bet a bet

-Norwich Bulletin. Onmha Child on eastern railway train)-Ch, mamma, there's a policeman walking

through a corn field.

Mamma (without looking out)-Is he chi "No: he's walking along just as they do in "Dear me! Get your things on. We are within the city limits of Philadelphia."-Omaha World.

Unnecessary Auxiety. "George," she said, and her manner be-trayed anxiety, "what has come over papa of late! He treats you coldly and evidently "He borrowed \$10 of me a couple of weeks LITTLE LAUGHS

The once flourishing town of Solitaire, in Arizona, is now entirely deserted. The man who named the town builded better than he knew.-Norristown Herald.

Mme. Patti has decided to learn to play the banjo, and if at any time within the next two onths a man with disheveled hair, a wild, haunted look in his dark eyes, buttons missing from his pants and seeks that wear a negected appearance, is found wandering aimlessly around solitary places in Europe, his name will probably be Nicolini.—St. Paul

A bright newspaper woman in New York gained admission as a lunatic to an insane asylum and remained there a couple of weeks taking notes, which she worked up into a graphic newspaper article. It is suspected that she deceived the physicians in charge by wearing a fashionable bustle as large as a flour barrel and having her hair banged within half an inch of her eyebrows. - Norris-

Natural gas is a great boon to the people of Pittsburg, but the people there make light of it.—Norristown Herald.

"I was in hopes, professor," said a hospital under surgeon, "that I would be given that leg operation in the poor ward." "No, I assigned it to Young Sawbones, but I'll give you a whack at the autopsy."-The Epoch. It costs something to die respectably in Omaha. On the case inclosing the body of a man sent from there to Akron, O., for burial, was the following itemized bill, to be "col-lected on delivery or contents returned:" Undertaker's bill, \$60; hospital expenses, \$20; physician's fee, \$10; livery, \$6. The bill was paid, but the rest of the family will

you know why id is, by dear, thad cods all wades addag be id the head! Wife thought-fully)—Why, I believe, John, physicians hold that colds always attack the weakest spot.-The Epoch.

get back to Akron in time to die there.-Ex-

But One Billy Birch.

Mr. William Birch, the old time minstrel, has just recovered from a severe illness, Yesterday morning he met a friend who owns a fast trotter, and who offered the use of it to Birch, saving that the exercise of a ride would do him good. Birch accepted the offer, and in the afternoon ordered the horse hitched to a light road wagon. He drove slowly down Lexington avenue. The horse pranced about in a lively manner, and at of the street.

In vain did Birch soothingly say, "Soh, Bossy," and "Gee haw, there." At last a train came bissing through the tunnel, and the horse took the bit in his mouth and bolt-ed. Here is where Birch concluded that he was no Jehu, for he wrapped the lines about the whip and deliberately climbed over the back of the sent. He did not stop at this, and soon his short legs were dangling over the tailboard of the wagon. He dropped off, rolled over in the mud several times, got up, pulled down his vest and remarked to a po

eman:
"I made a hit that time, eh!" The officers then took him to task for not holding on to reflectively, "There's lots of horses and bug-gies in this world, most noble guardian of the law, but I'll give you a quiet tip that there is but one Billy Birch."—New York Evening

I sit before the open grate, And, as I watch the dying fire (Tis evening, and the hour is late), Old memories sail thoughts inspire.

Alone and lonely there I sit. Watching a dying, glowing ember, And trying, as the lithe flames flit And dance about, not to remember

The thing that troubles all my dreams, And so torments me, sleeping, waking, Until at times it almost seems As if my weary heart were breaking. The fire dies out. The sudden chill But makes my melancholy deeper. I go to unrest, brooding still, And wishing cannel coal were cheaper.

Mistaken Her Calling. "And what does your husband do for a livin'?" asked Mrs. Chatterwell during her first call on a new neighbor. "He's a re-porter." "A what?" "A newspaper reporter: he goes about everywhere, learns all the news and takes it to the paper." "And do they pay for that?" shrieked Mrs. Chatterell, rising to her feet in sheer amazement. Yes; \$80 a month." "Oh, mercy on me! "Yes; \$80 a month."

I've lost mor'n \$20,000 good money since I've

rush for the newspaper office. - Journalist. A Doubtful Accommodation. Browne's employer was calling his attention to the sales of another traveling man, and intimating that he ought to try and do

"I tell you what it is," said Browne, "it's all in the territory a man has to travel. Now any fool can sell goods in that territory."
"Well," replied the merchant, thoughtfully, "I think I will start you out on that route

A Hint to a Boarder Stout Man (whose appetite had been the envy of his fellow boarder)—I declare! I

Business Very Quiet. Lady (to drug clerk)-A two cent stamp Clerk (absent minded)-Yes, madam. Will



Helen-Mamma, what is casus belli? Mother-My child, never spenk of any-thing so indelicate. It is the Latin for tomach ache - Life.

An artificial eye seldom lasts more than five years, the secretion of the glands turn ing it cloudy.

De sto'keeper's long pra'rs ain't no sign of a long yard stick.—J. A. Macon.

Her dainty waist, her pretty form, Were hidden from my view Beneat's a blessed garment true Was beautifully blue.

The lace upon it clung about The curvings of her mouth, It ravished all my senses and It put my wits about.

"What call you this scraphic thing-

Tais girl of 'county's goal'

I murmered, and she laughing said:

"It is my camisole." A camisole—Oh, idly named— Ny pulses wildly roll sight of it—how can it then her hope to calm-my-soul?

Dr. Albert's next visit to Sprindgfield, Thursday, November 17, at the Lagonda House.

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WILL BE SOLD

have lost three buttons off my vest:

Mistress of the House (who had been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.—Judge.

REGARDLESS OF COST!

## RARE OPPORTUNITY

TO RECEIVE BARGAINS.

## J. L. Zimmerman,

assignee.

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